SECOND BOOK

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HOMO SEXUAL SEX TECH NIQUES

photo illustrated*

HOMO-SEXUAL SEX TECH-NIQUES

FIRST BOOK

INTRODUCTION

MASTURBATION — guilt feelings — mechanism of orgasm — historical references — Vibrators and other aids — physical reactions — manipulation of the penis by hand — methods and preferences.

FELLATIO — historical references — origins of terminology — comparison of physical sensations between Fellatio and other sexual activities — physical reactions of partner — methods of Fellating — disadvantages of Fellatio.

ANAL INTERCOURSE — personal hygiene — fallacy of insistence on superiority of face-to-face contact — psychological associations with childhood — example of use of dildo in Eastern religion — relaxation of sensory nerve center — function of the Prostate gland in Anal Intercourse — varieties of positions — lubrication — disadvantages of Anal Intercourse — other methods of body-to-body contact between males — definition of "Greek Love."

SECOND BOOK

BONDAGE — primarily a heterosexual activity — CASE HISTORY: sadistic stepfather — brother tied up in barn for misdemeanor — sexual excitation of subject — interviewee trussed up in turn — sexual activity between interviewee and brother — later bondage development — rape by truck drivers — researcher's summing up.

URO- & COPROLAGNIA — connection with sadomasochism — Urolagnia more prevalent in modern times — roots in childhood — definition of "Water Sports."

SADOMASOCHISM — biological and historical origins — alleged methods of contact in New York — mainly prevalent in large cities — homosexual S&M club in San Francisco — primary sexual activity of sadomasochist.

AUTO FELLATIO — Comparative infrequency of use — alleged prevalence among carnival and circus performers — CASE HISTORY: student of Hatha Yoga — able to touch penis head with tongue — develops dexterity — claims natural advantage of Auto Fellatio — researcher's summing up.

BONDAGE

The art of restraint is dying and so am I—DYING to meet someone who can tie me up cruelly with well knotted ropes, gag me and leave me helpless to resist his debauches, my struggles unavailing as he defiles my body. Will answer all letters.

—Ad in homosexual newspaper

The practice of getting a sexual thrill from being tied up, of tying someone else up or watching same, is recorded in erotic literature from the earliest times. Although it is indulged in principally by heterosexually-oriented males there are a surprising number of homosexuals who enjoy this fantasy. We have recorded one such interviewee's story.

"We lived on our stepfather's farm in Vermont and he was a real son of a bitch. Mainly he used to pick on my older brother and one time, when he was supposed to have done something wrong, my stepfather left him tied up in the barn for a whole day. I went in and gave him some food, putting it in his mouth, and somehow or other the sight of him standing there with his hands and feet tied to the post got me worked up. I was only eleven at the time but I remember I had a hard-on when I came out of the barn.

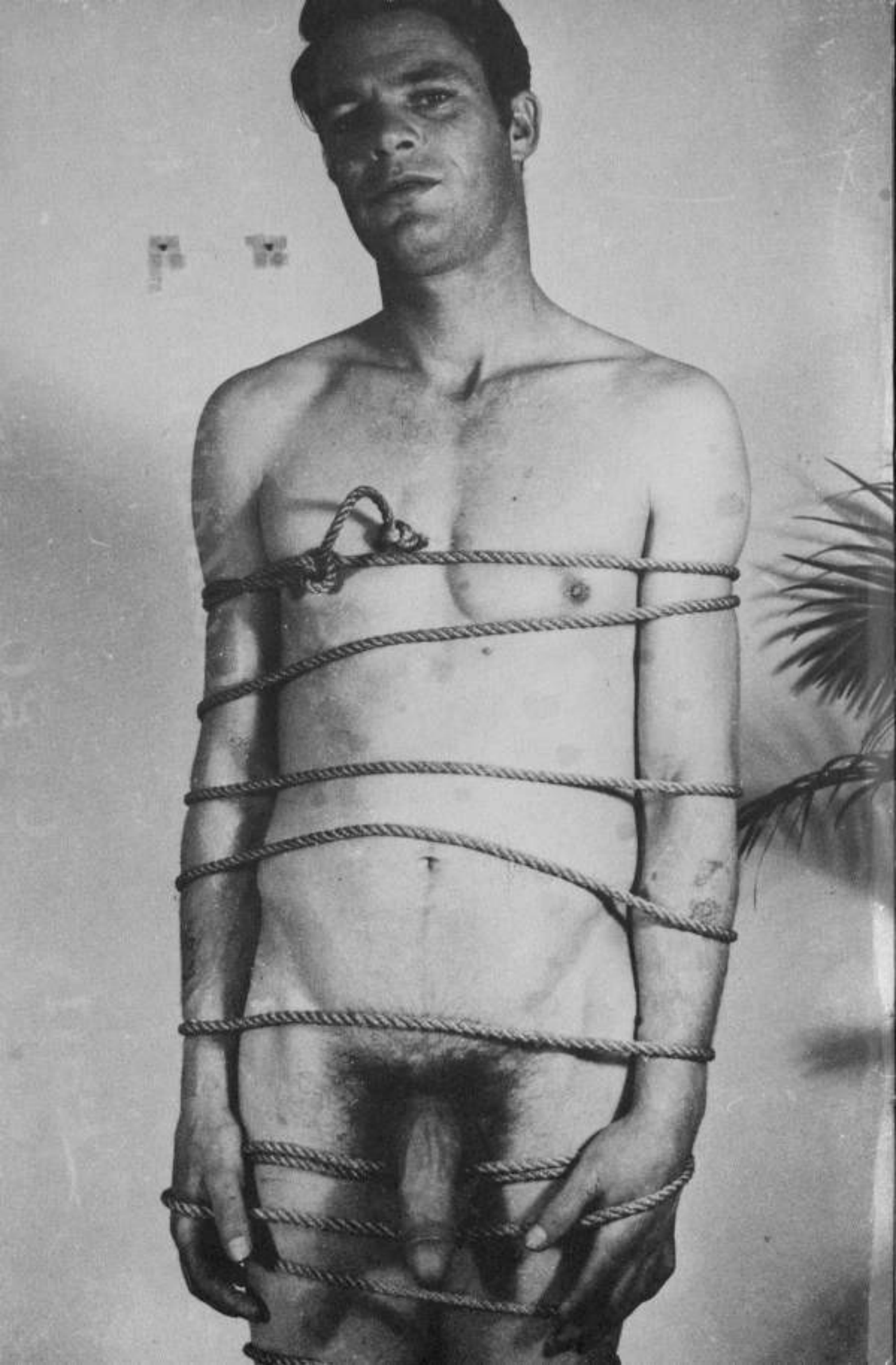
Then one day it was my turn and after he slapped me around a bit he got a rope and trussed me up like a chicken with my hands and feet tied together behind me. I felt myself going hot and cold and didn't say a word but I got another hard-on

and after a while it really felt good. Later on my brother came in with some food and I told him I was dying to take a piss. I wasn't but just the feel of my brother's hand undoing my fly got me hard again.

He held it for a bit and when he saw I wasn't pissing he started putting it back in my pants. Then, when he saw the look on my face, he started playing around with it while he was kneeling down. Next thing I know he had his out and was shoving it in my face and jerking me off and him at the same time. Told me to suck it and I did."

Later, the stepfather died and they sold up the farm and came eastward. *"I always wanted to live in New York so eventually I came here by myself and got a job. Never had much sex and when I did I didn't enjoy it. The only time I did was when I was hitch hiking down to Florida one time and got a lift in a big furniture truck. I was about seventeen then and I guessed there was something weird about the guy who picked me up.*

We stopped after it was dark at some roadside place and I drank him drink for drink until I was pretty smashed. We got in back of the truck to sleep and before I knew what was happening somebody had my arms pinned and somebody else grabbed my legs. He'd gotten a couple of his friends in there from another truck and they were waiting for me. They pulled me face down on to a bed, only it had no mattress, just the springs, and they tied my hands and feet, one to each corner of the bed, and shoved a gag in my mouth. Then they each fucked me in turn, taking their time about it.



I'd been looking for something like that all my life and I hadn't found it before. And I haven't found it since, so now I make my own scenes."

From the way the story was told we surmised that the subject had embroidered it somewhat. Probably he did go into the back of the truck with the driver and there was some sexual activity—it is an anomaly that many truck drivers in this country are reputed to be homosexual—but the addition of the other persons was more than likely a figment which aided his subsequent auto-erotic fantasies.

He has since become friendly with a number of people similarly inclined and they regularly frequent each other's apartments, enacting various bondage scenes with the aid of ropes, chains, etc. Occasionally he persuades a casual pickup to perform the same service on him and when asked if he did not consider this dangerous, he just shrugged. Obviously the element of danger is a concomitant to the release from sexual tension.

URO- & COPROLAGNIA

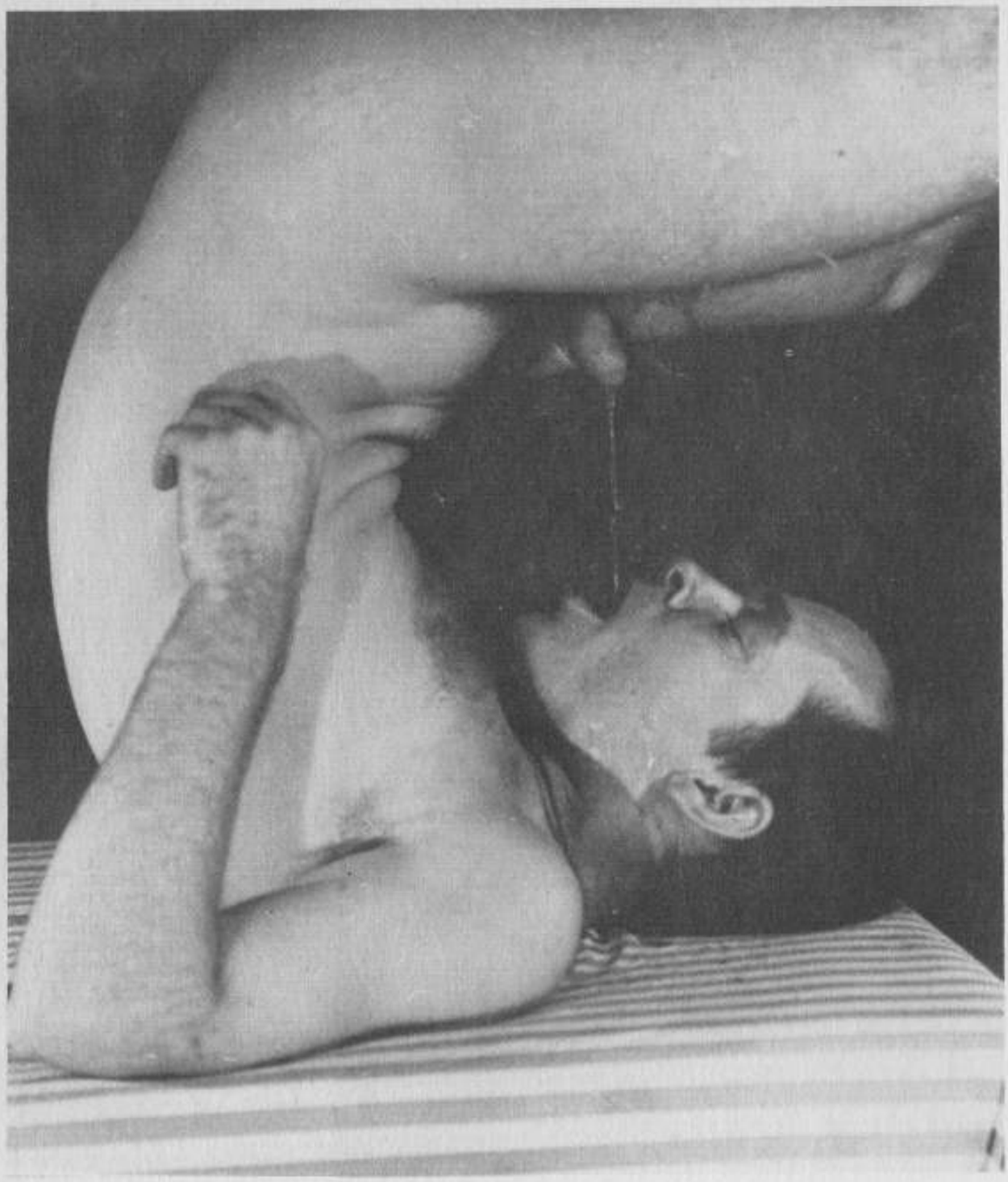
"I found that salivating or urinating on myself . . . increased my masturbatory excitement. I have also had an orgasm as a result of tasting my own urine or feces, touching these excreta with my hands or feet."

—Case History in
VARIATIONS IN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR
by Frank S. Caprio, M.D.

Examination of Uro- and Coprolagnia (also known as Coprophilia), the erotic enjoyment of urine and feces, brings one into the same psychological area as that of sadomasochism, where sexual pleasure is achieved through the juxtaposition of disgust and ardor, pain and pleasure.

Although both are relatively rare in homosexuality, Urolagnia appears to be the more prevalent of the two activities. A number of advertisements in the publications mentioned before, and others, include the expression, "interested in water sports," which indicates the advertiser likes to be urinated upon or wishes to do it to his partner.

The act of defilement is rooted in childhood, at some time during which a false connection was made between erotic sensation from the genital area to the waste products of that area. It can happen when a group of children play among themselves in a basement or in the bushes of an empty lot. Without the distaste that comes later in life they will often use



animal or human excrement, smearing it over each other's bodies. Or perhaps one will urinate on the other in childish amusement.

Whatever the root cause, it is sufficiently prevalent to be included in this study of homo-erotic practices. "Water sports" can also mean the discharge of urine into the rectal canal during anal intercourse and, as will be seen from the illustrations, the drinking of one's own or another person's urine.

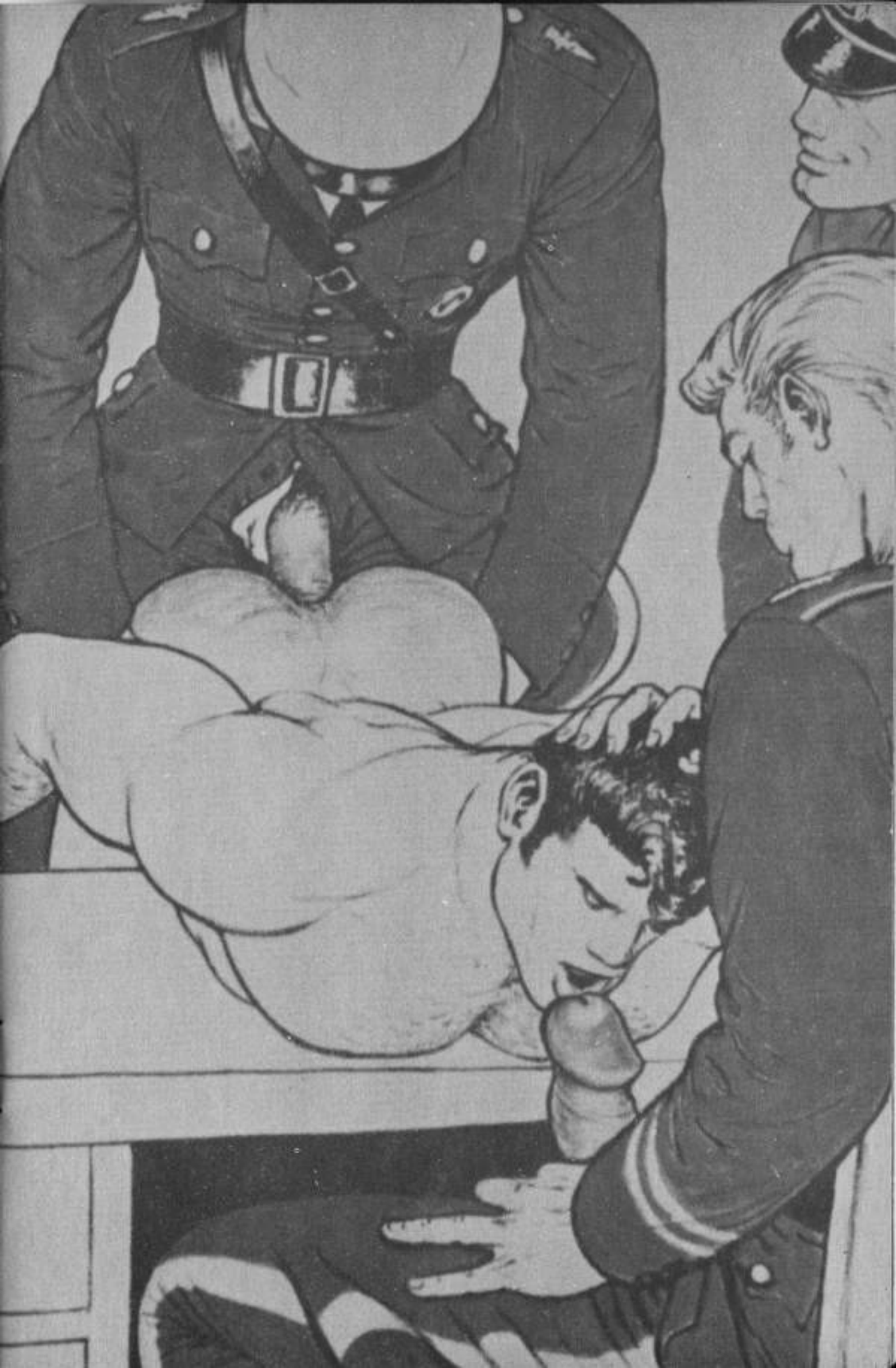
SADOMASOCHISM

Here is a martyrdom of hopeless pain;
Here all is gloom, here all things end in ill . . .
—PAUL VERLAINE, Le Ciel sur le Toit

Sexual pleasure from receiving or giving pain is, in the opinion of the late Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, "man's only true perversion." He claimed that aggression, not cruelty but assertiveness, is natural to the male and that in almost all other animal populations the non-assertive male is usually unable to find a cooperative partner. He also claimed that the masochistic male is strictly a human product.

There are too many ramifications of this activity to be discussed fully here, but one point must be made. In the relatively liberated life of the present-day homosexual the actual infliction of pain for sexual purposes is extremely rare. Where it persists is in the form of "play acting" and it sometimes overlaps into other forms of fantasy behavior such as bondage and the wearing of leather and rubber.

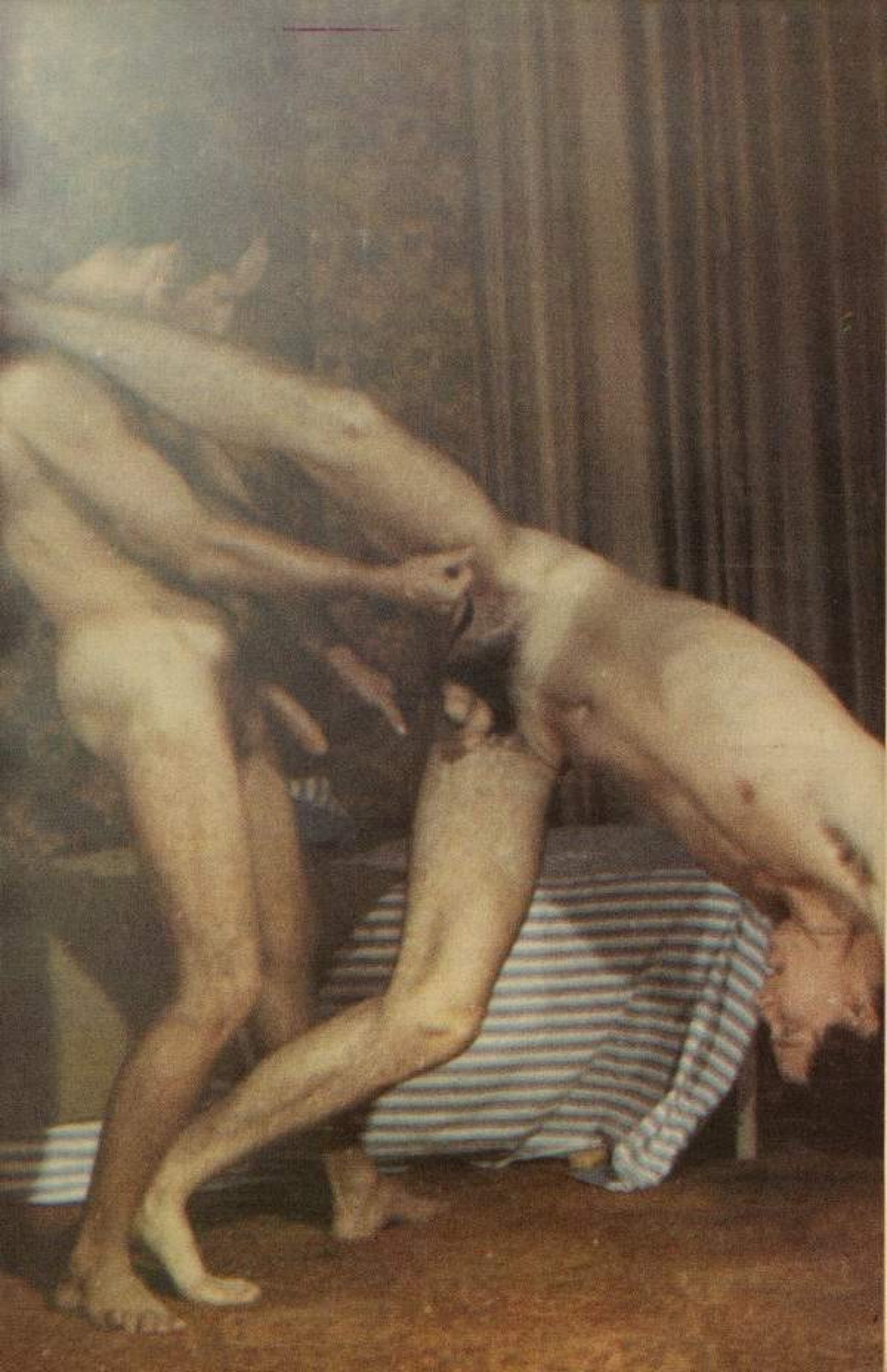
A few years ago, it was reputed that if a homosexual in New York, for instance, who had sadomasochistic tendencies, wanted to meet others with like interests, all he had to do was to stand at one of the several bars in the Village which catered to this taste, with one hand palm-downwards on the counter. Pretty soon someone would come along and stub out his cigaret on it and if the man didn't flinch *an assignation was made.*



Failing any luck in that quarter he could always end up much later that night along a certain section of Third Avenue, carrying an airways bag containing some chains which clanked noisily, and sooner or later he would be approached.

Sadomasochistic fantasies for the purpose of sexual stimulation are almost exclusively found in the very large cities of the world rather than in smaller towns. Thus, in San Francisco there exists a homosexual cult which dresses itself up in an entire panoply of leather from top to toe, festooned with chains, buttons, studs and painted names on the backs of their jackets. All the members have powerful-looking motorcycles, wear long hair and dark glasses and various other refinements such as zip fasteners sewn into the seams of their trouser bottoms to facilitate instant anal intercourse.

All this dressing up and attitudinizing tends to diminish the eventual sexual play of the homosexual S and M set. Lurid rumors about flagellation parties in which real blood is shed are unfounded. When his libido is sufficiently stirred up to cause an erection and his excitement aroused to feverish intensity by the snapping of whips and clanking of chains, the leather attired, heavy breathing, strutting or cringing (depending on whether he is S or M) disciple of the Marquis de Sade and Herr L. von Sacher-Masoch will usually end up—masturbating.



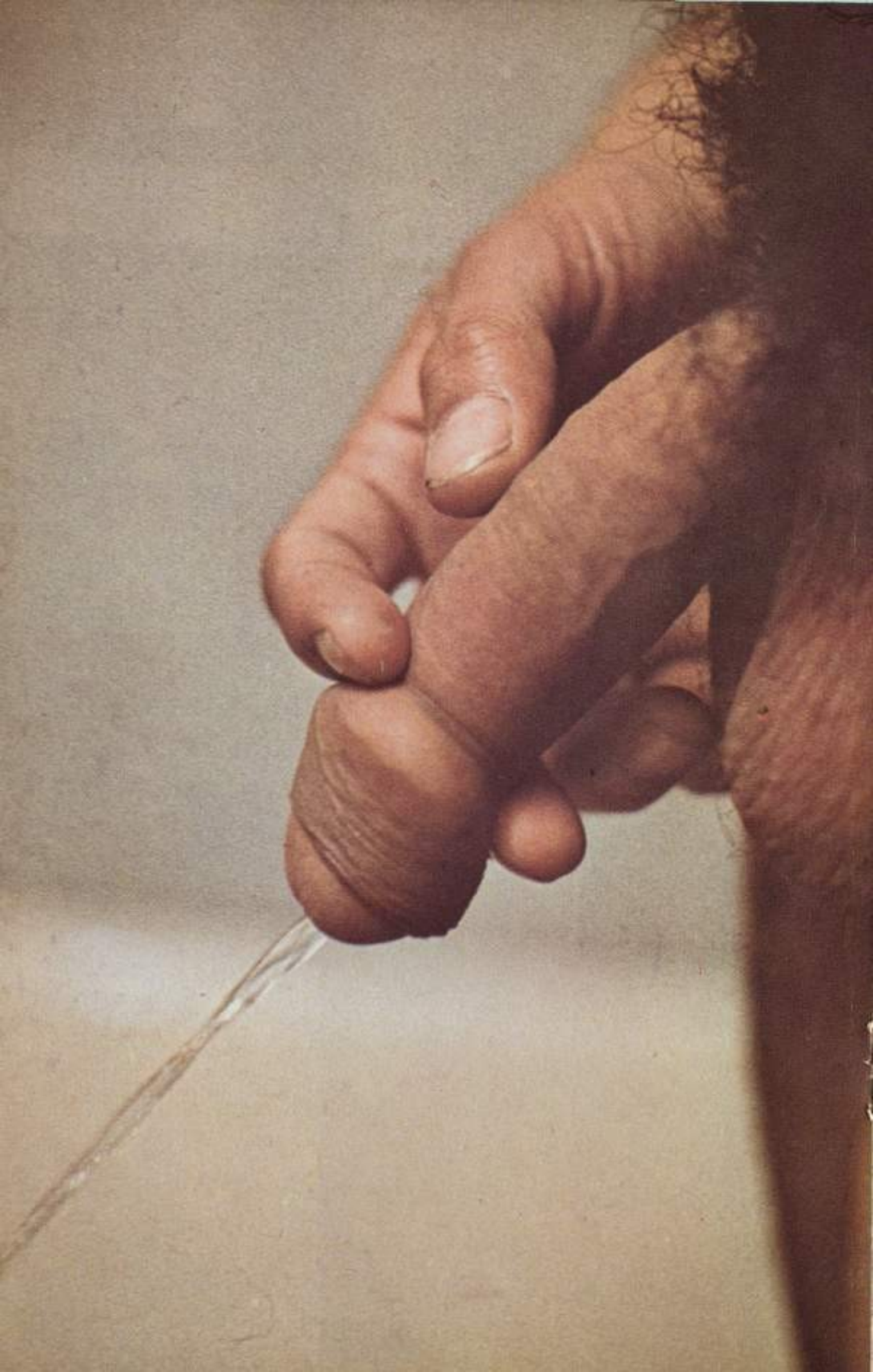
AUTO-FELLATIO

Throughout vertebrate sexual behavior there is such a close tie-up between oral eroticism and genital stimulation that oral activity of any sort must be accepted by the scientist as a biologically normal aspect of sexuality.

—DR. ALFRED C. KINSEY,
Sexual Behavior in the Human Male

Among the rarer homosexual techniques is one known as Auto-Fellatio, or the practice of applying one's own mouth to one's penis. Its relative infrequency of use has an obvious reason: only the more athletically inclined, those with great elasticity of the spine, can ever hope to bend the body sufficiently to accomplish it. Even if this were possible a penis of more than usual length is mandatory. A popular theory in the carnival and circus world is that contortionists and trapeze artists are fond of this position because of their extreme physical flexibility. Whether or not these performers possess extra long phalluses as a result of, or in spite of this reputed preference is not known.

One interesting history was written up in a recent homosexula publication and it is paraphrased here to show how a predilection for one particular form of sexual bahavior can embody its own justification. The subject entitles his own story "Self-Suck, the Ultimate Religious Experience":



"If there's one thing I love to do it's suck a nice stiff cock. I've been doing it at least once a week since I was fifteen. (In other words) I give myself *head!*

My practice of auto fellatio came about while still in high school as a result of my interest in Hatha Yoga. Hatha is the part of yoga which is physical and is involved with the practice of holding positions which eventually make the entire body supple and capable of bending to more extreme positions than normally attainable by the average person.

Customarily, after showering, I would go into my bedroom and, before dressing, practice my yoga exercises. During one session . . . I unintentionally began entertaining erotic thoughts. Momentarily I divorced myself from all yogic ideas and opened my eyes to find my young erect cock only about an inch and a half from my lips. Overtaken by my adolescent curiosity I bent further to discover that I could touch the head of my penis with the head of my tongue! I was immediately shocked that I would ever do such a "queer" thing, but at the same time felt compelled to experiment. With this new incentive I became more regular in my exercises and found the physical promise of Yoga even more rewarding than those I have ever come across in the library books.

. . . The experience of auto-fellatio is one which cannot be duplicated in any other way. Just as you can cross one leg over the other neatly, and can intertwine the fingers of your left hand with those of your right, so is your own cock suited to fit in your own mouth."

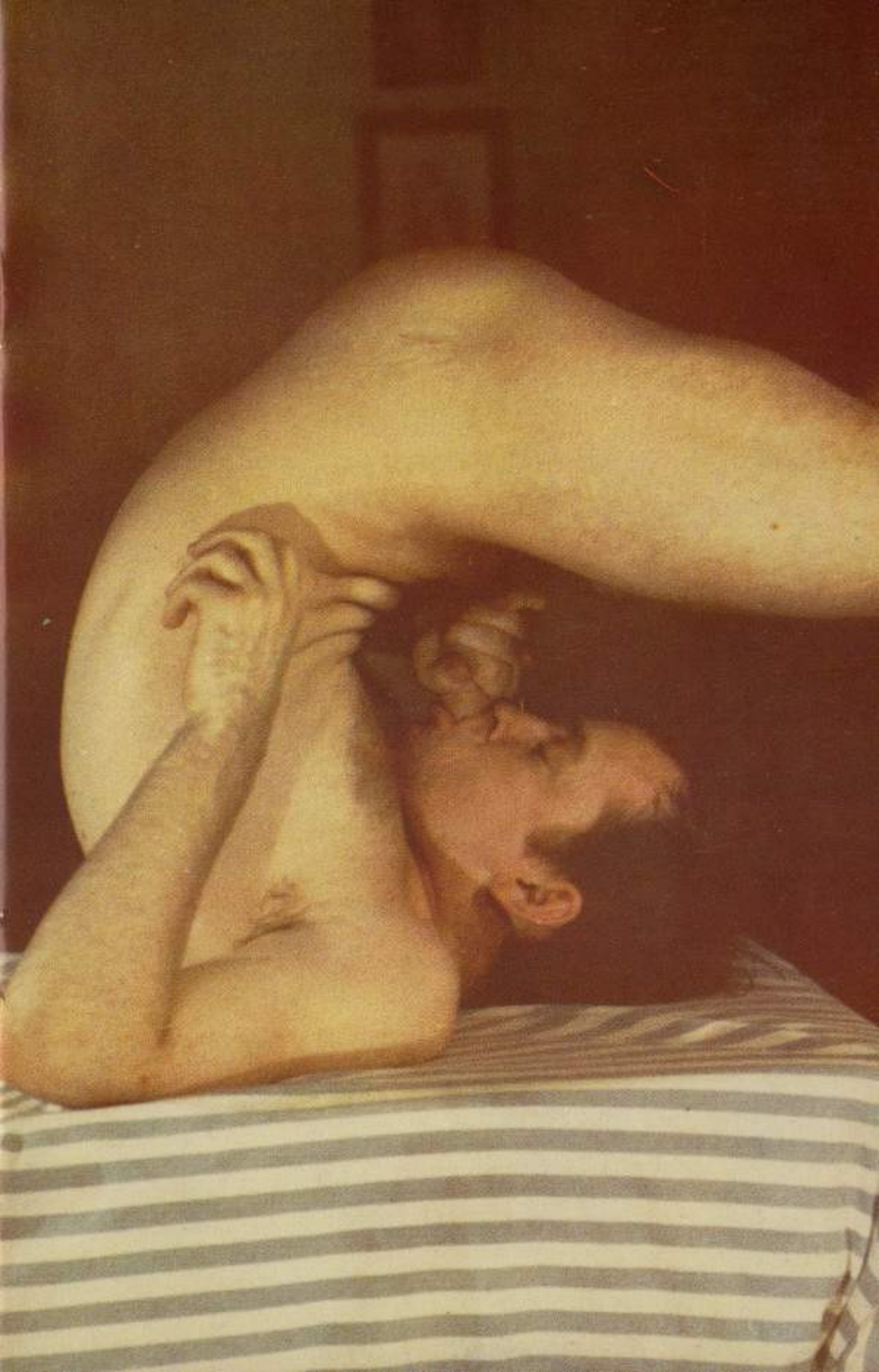
(He then describes various Yoga exercises which, he

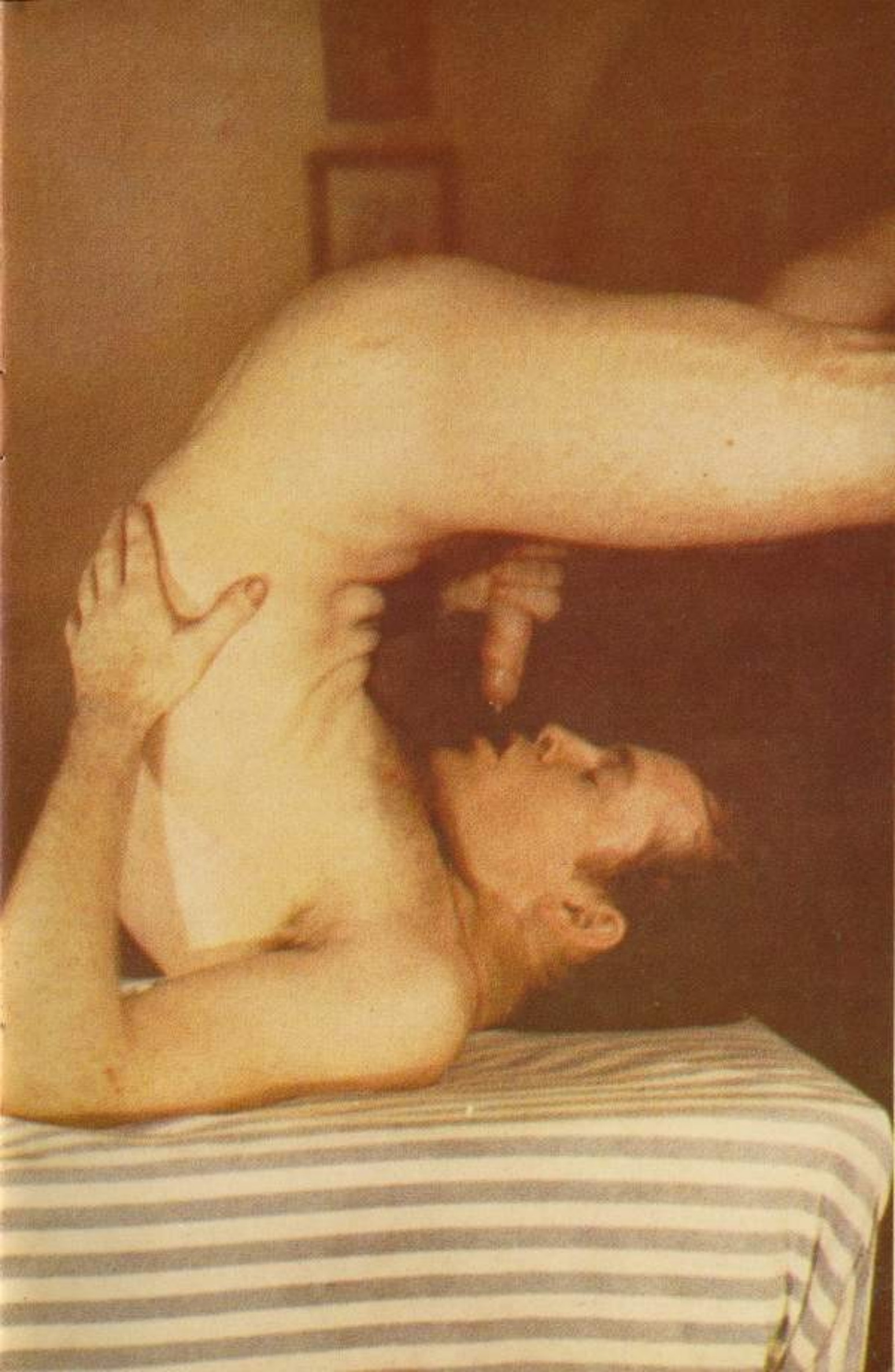
claims, will assist in attaining one's goal) *"Nothing is as thrilling as when you finally get your head to your lips. It may be impossible to arouse yourself until you are accustomed to this new position. It will take some trial and error until you can find the best way for yourself."*

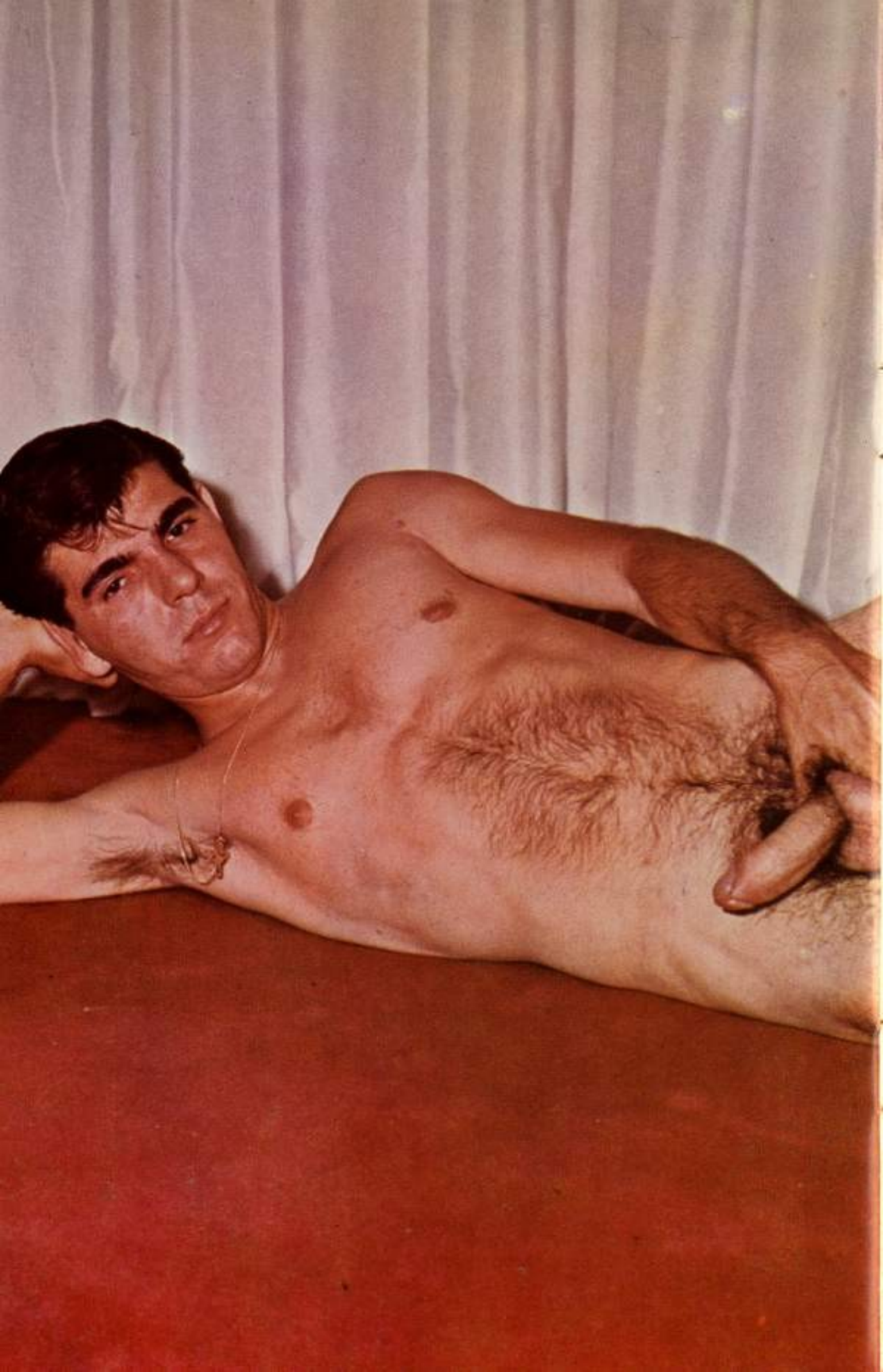
. . . One thing is certain—you'll never get a better blowjob than you can give to yourself. The reason is obvious. Only you know just where to run your tongue, how much pressure to apply with the lips, when to bite, when to suck. No matter how well your (boyfriend) knows your cock and what you like done to it, he can never follow your moods or whims the way you can yourself. If at first you don't succeed, keep on sucking 'til you do suck seed!"

Despite its convincingly persuasive tones, the above exhortation on the pleasures and advantages of auto-fellatio will not send every homosexual reading it scurrying out to the nearest bookstore to buy a copy of Hatha Yoga exercises. Apart from the physical dexterity required, the position is one of somewhat exclusive self-absorption and one that does not suit the more gregarious homosexual.

Dr. Frank S. Caprio, M.D., in his book, *Variations in Sexual Behavior,* states that in his opinion homosexuals seek fellatio experiences because of their inability to perform auto-fellatio which they would execute if it were anatomically possible. One can almost hear the howls of indignant protest from fellators and auto-fellators at such a superficial diagnosis. There is such a thing as a decided preference for the taste of one's own or someone else's penis.







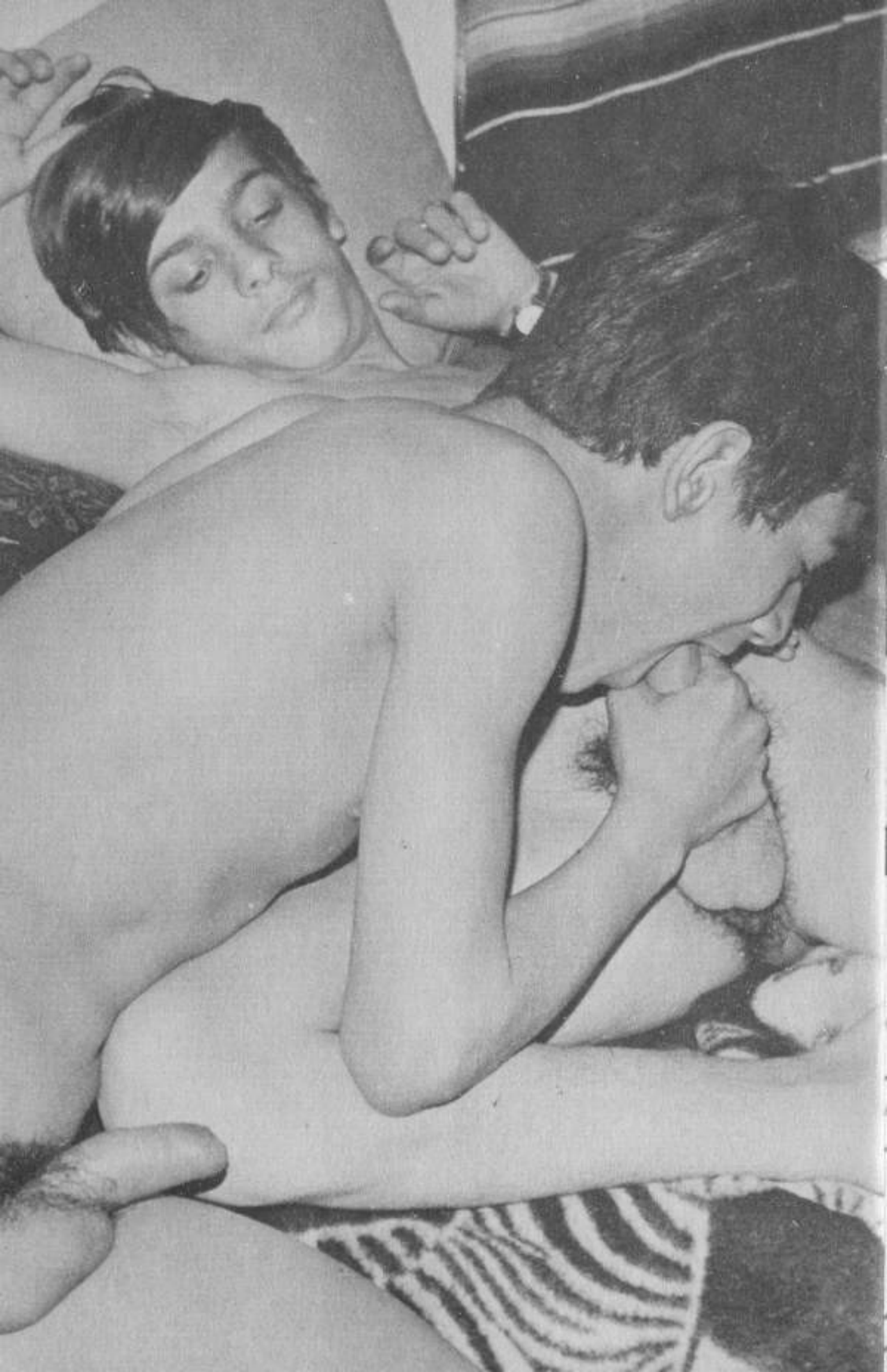
APPENDIX 1

PHONE-A-BOY SEX

As a result of the new freedom in legally being able to advertise one's sexual wants in sex-oriented newspapers such as *Screw*, *Gay* and *East Village Other*, some hitherto undercover activities have come to the surface. One only has to read between the lines of advertisements for male models, call boys, masseurs and the like to know that some enterprising homosexuals are taking advantage of the continual need for safe and reliable sex partners, obtainable without having to take a chance on who one meets in streets, movie houses, bars, etc.

One such businesslike homosexual was interviewed for this book. He operates from his apartment and has a number of boys at his disposal, any of whom he can call on when a prospective client phones.

We discovered that his own take of the profits averages $200 a week. This is a part-time earning as he has another regular job during the daytime, during which his roommate or another friend remains in the apartment to answer possible calls and provide the boys. Some of these lounge around the apartment when they have nothing else to do, but the majority are only available at night, by virtue of their daytime occupations. Apparently the demand for call boys is not limited to nighttime only.

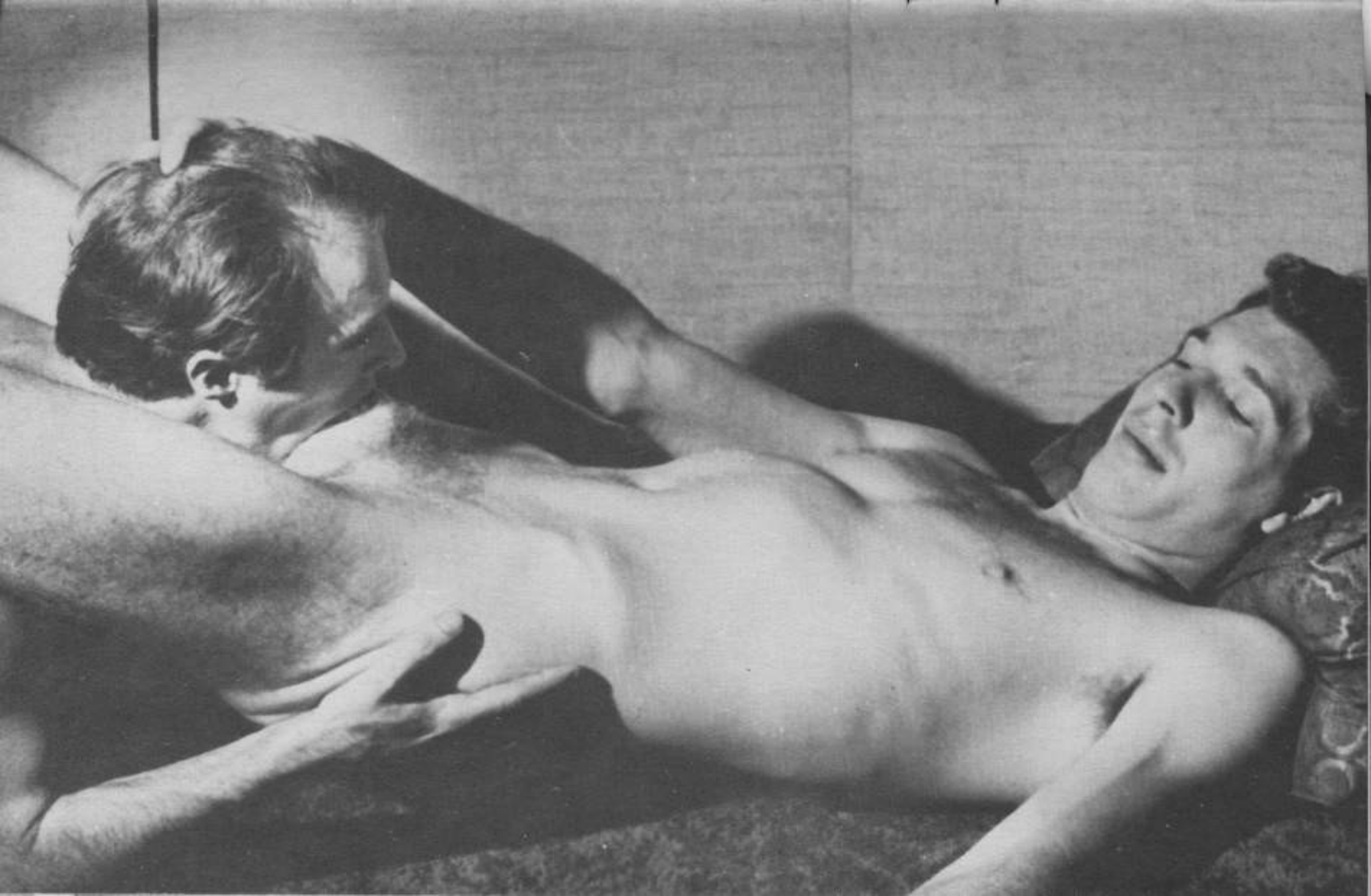


Many of the boys are college students, some going for their Master's or Ph.D. degrees. He considers these the most reliable, loyal and uncomplicated because the money they earn goes to further their education. Others are merely hustlers, but all of them are picked because they are easily excited and enjoy sex. New boys are acquired mainly by word of mouth, such as introduction by one of the other boys. Sometimes the male madam himself (as he seems to enjoy being called) will go to the Village or Times Square, when the supply is low, in order to recruit new boys. He claims to have an infallible eye for the right type and never approaches anyone under age.

When he first started, he found he became sexually excited while just talking to the clients, getting intimate details of the type of boy that was required. He also invariably had sex with the new boys as they joined his roster, but nowadays he finds himself becoming more and more divorced from that side of his business, treating client and boy as merchandise.

Not many of the boys become regular favorites of the clients, asked for again or being swept away to a European holiday. *"It's usually a one-time arrangement,"* the interviewee said. *"The john is very specific about what he wants—type, age, size, color, what he's expected to do. I suppose most of them reckon if they're paying the money they're entitled to it."*

The number of boys on call at any one time varies from 50 to 75. We learned that there is an estimated 2000 boys working in this fashion in New York City alone, most of them working at one time or another through one of the ten or twelve full-time services operating in the city. This particular service averages six to ten calls a night and correspondingly fewer



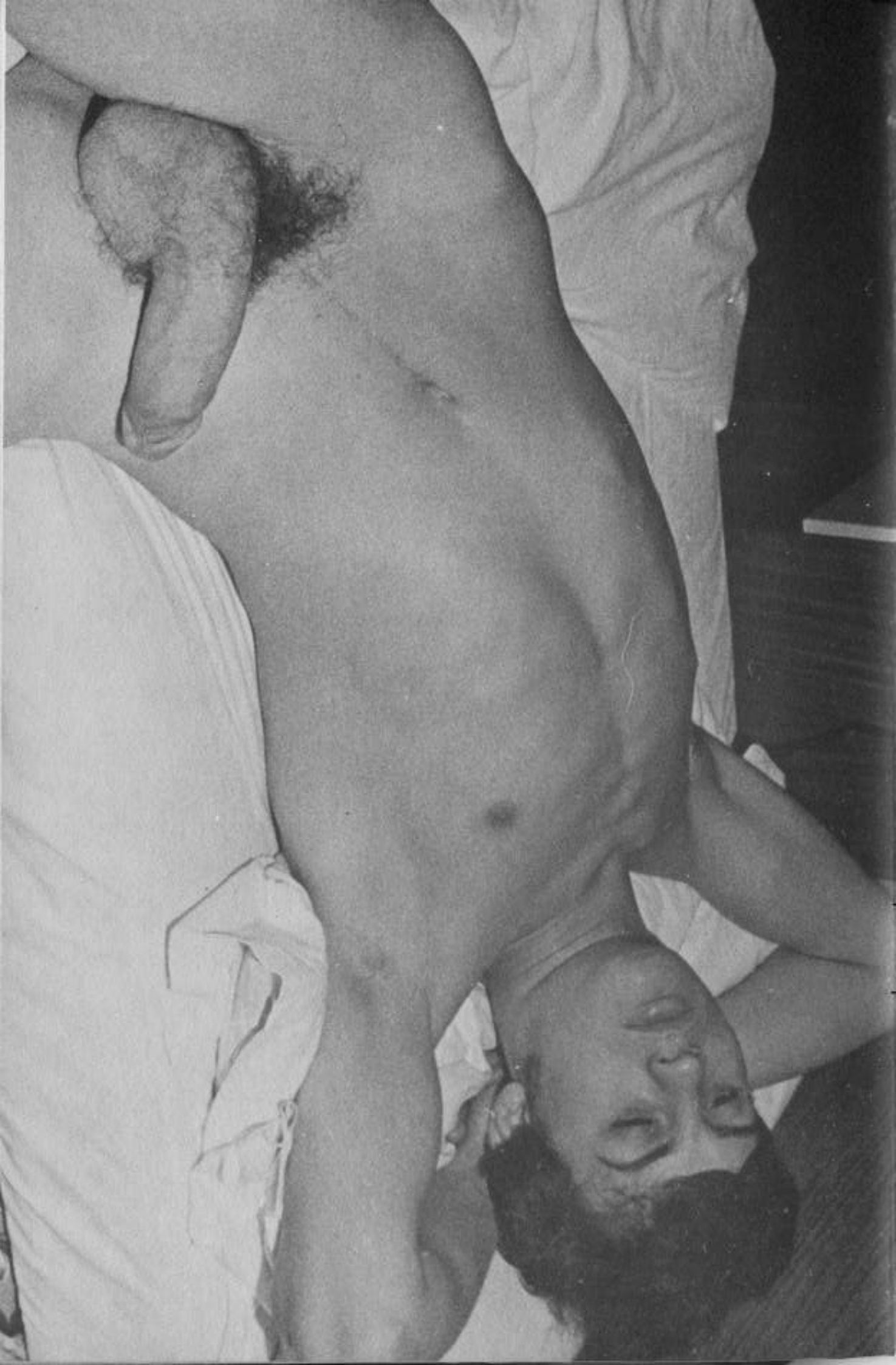
in the daytime. Its owner charges the client $35, keeping $20 for himself and giving the boy the remaininder—all tax free, of course.

He said, *"Saturday night is the slowest night of the week because then most of the johns are out trying their luck downtown, hoping to get something for nothing, although most of my people prefer to pay, they tell me. That way they're sure of what they get and there's no involvement."* Additionally, business falls off drastically during the summer months when clients are out of town on vacation and weekending on Fire Island or other homosexual meeting places.

Strangely enough, the risk of police scrutiny is not considered very important. *"They have bigger fish to go after,"* he said drily, *"such as tea-room queens (homosexuals who frequent public washrooms), and those who try to pick up young men in after hours bars."*

The main drawback are the boys themselves. The full-time hustlers sooner or later reach a point of over-exposure and the others lose interest in this way of making money rather quickly. Moreover, many of the boys are negligent about asking for the fee or, if they do, they will by-pass the service and keep the whole amount for themselves.

In his opinion, the whole thing defeated itself because it is in the nature of some men to want to be disappointed. And sex you have to pay for is bound to be disappointing. The anticipation is always greater than the realization. A strangely accurate and shrewd observation from someone who has made it his business to supply sex for money.



APPENDIX 2

CHERRY GROVE AND OTHER GAY MEETING PLACES

In any study of where the American homosexual is at nowadays, what he does and where he does it, it would be impossible not to mention Fire Island, or more specifically Cherry Grove, the gay section of that narrow strip of land which has become the New York commuter's conveniently located equivalent of a Caribbean dream island.

As Dick Leitsch of the New York Mattachine Society de-

scribes it, Cherry Grove *". . . is the spiritual capital of the gay world. It is our community, not a straight world in which gay people have to fight for recognition or, at best, survive on grudging and limited tolerance."*

However, a fully paid-up member of the homosexual society in, say, Paris might be forgiven for raising his eyebrows at that statement. Depending on his proclivities he might argue that Amsterdam, or Tangier, or Capri (to mention only three) was the Eternal City for his particular preference: Amsterdam for fair-haired young Vikings, Tangier for very small and utterly amoral Arab boys, Capri for hot-blooded, curly haired Italians.

If he had heard at all of Cherry Grove through the international gay grapevine or from reading it would have been stories about the outrageous exhibitionism, the flaunting of fashions and poodles on the boardwalk, the snobbery and rivalry between residents, the giving of those unbelievably *kitsch* parties, the midnight orgies on the beach, the hustlers on the Meat Rack. In fact all those excesses likely to take place when ladies' hairdressers, ballet dancers, bit actors, dress designers and other more parasitic occupations congregate and proceed to let their hair down, secure in the knowledge that nothing is too extreme because the person next to you is more extreme than you are.

Fire Island stands as a microcosm of everything that homosexuality is criticized for. But in order to validate a study such as this one aspires to be it is necessary to examine any and all examples of social behavior, however 'far out.' Accord-

ingly, the writer spent a week during a particularly hot and busy summer period this year interviewing various members of the community. There is, unfortunately, room for only one interviewee's story here.

'Andrew' has that typical young/old look of the dedicated homosexual. An athletic body, deliberate rather than natural, ample soft straight brown hair, though receding at the temples, and long manicured fingers. His face tells of the ravaging encroaches of time: tanned leathery skin and a network of lines at the eyes and mouth.

"... How old am I? If you don't use my real name I'll tell you. I'm thirty-five. Otherwise I'm twenty-eight! I'm married but my wife and I separated when she found me sucking a friend of mine's cock in our bedroom. I think if it had been anywhere else she wouldn't have minded so much, you know. He was the one who introduced me to this place and when we went into business together the first thing we did was buy the first available cottage.

The great thing about us is that there's absolutely no jealousy between us. I mean, he knows I like young guys, 'specially if they belong to someone else and I can throw in a sneak fuck while the lover's not looking. Pat, that's my guy, even helps me sometimes—keeps the older one busy while I'm tearing the clothes off the younger one. That's my thing, man. I mean, these older ones think they own every kid they bring down here and then the kids get bored with all that 'I want you to love me for myself' shit and they're dying to hump with someone else instead of that old wet mouth and that limp old cock.

Yeah, I can give you a f'r instance. A couple of nights ago Pat and me were down at The Shack—you been there? It's where everybody goes to see and be seen. There was this blond Adonis looked like he came from California. About twenty. Muscles on him like a construction worker. And a basket you wouldn't believe! . . . Christ, where you been? Even girls look at guys' baskets nowadays. That's what we call the shape of his cock you can see in his pants. I always check out down there first and if it shows you can be sure the guy will let you look at it. Here, see what I mean? (makes motion towards own crotch where what appears to be an ample outline can be seen).

So Pat and me got a drink and I'm watching this hunk dancing by himself when some old queen next to us goes over and starts arguing with him. They were sort of having a fight when they came back and I heard the old one say "I didn't bring you here so you could get eye fucked by everyone at the bar" or some crap like that. So I got my free hand working and tipped Pat to talk to the old fag while I'm groping California.

He gave me a look I'll never forget, like he wanted to do it right there, and when he said he had to go to the john I knew it was OK and I followed him out the back door and down the beach. Jesus, he was so hot he had his pants undone before we even got outa the lights. I pulled him along to the bushes and got my hands under his T shirt and down around his ass —wow, those fantastic muscles!—and I yanked down his pants and knelt down in front of him.

He spread his legs wide and clamped them around my

head so I worked my tongue over his balls and pulled open the cheeks of his ass with my hands and twisted around and up the back in between the crack until I was rimming him and holding onto his cock. That was the biggest, thickest goddamned piece of meat I've had this summer!

I'm pretty good at guessing what they want without going through that 'What do you do?' routine and I knew this stud was just aching to get fucked. So I licked his ass some more and pulled him down to my favorite kneeling position. He didn't even wince when I got into him, just ground his head into the sand and sort of moaned. Shot the same time as I did, with my hand under his balls jerking him off. We were both so weak, man, we both collapsed and just lay there!

You know what I found out afterwards? He's a cop, man, a goddamned cop somewhere out in New Jersey! Smokes grass, shoots up speed and acid, likes getting gang fucked, tied up with chains, the whole bit. And married! I tell you, the whole world's turning on!"

In the face of such a vivid description of an outwardly normal appearing young man (he was pointed out to me later that day by Andrew, strolling along the boardwalk with his elderly friend) it would seem pointless attempting to arrive at any conclusions about their relative life styles. Andrew is completely candid about his homosexual preferences, sometimes aggressively so to the point where it becomes defiance, whereas, the young man obviously has to maintain double standards which must complicate his relationships at home

and at work.

The uninhibited behavior described by the interviewee above is typical of Fire Island and similar centers of homosexual activity and in fact, in this case, is a relatively mild example. Other discussions with residents and visitors disclosed the existence of regular orgies, male prostitution, sadomasochism, leather and other fetishes, uro- and coprolagnia, as well as, one hastens to add, more 'normal' behavior.

explicit movies, sometimes as a spur to group sexual activi-

Several of the owners of beach cottages make and show ties, while others are reputed to go the full duration of their vacation with no sexual activity whatsoever, being merely content to watch and gossip about the frenzy around them.

In general, the sexual pleasures on hand are more or less the same as those available elsewhere, except that they are more immediately noticeable by virtue of the concentration of the peer group into a confined area. In a week of intensive interviewing in Cherry Grove some attempt was made to arrive at a breakdown of the various types of sexual behavior, a summary of which is appended below. As there was some interchange of activities the numbers do not represent a 1:1 ratio.

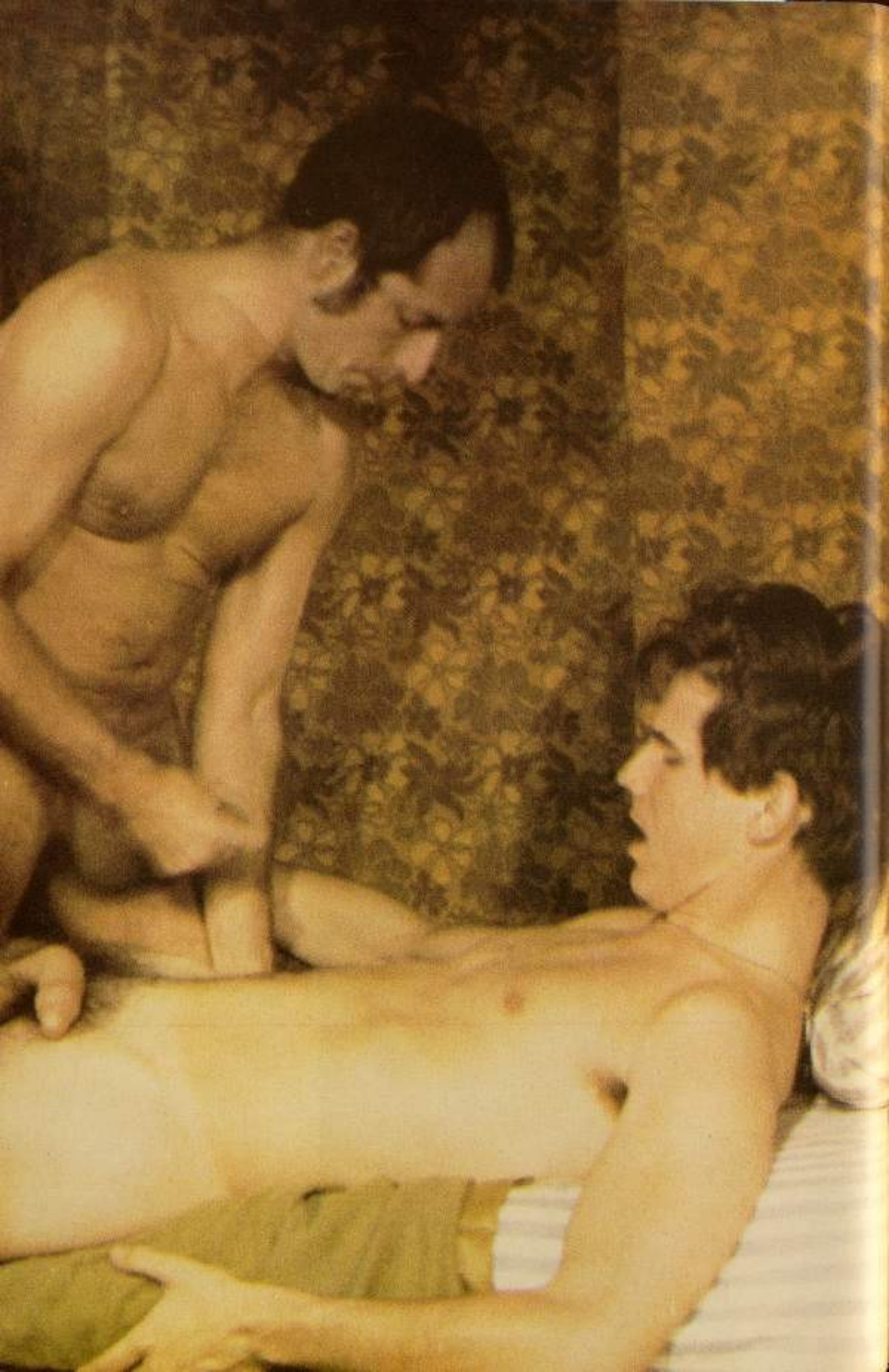
NUMBER OF PERSONS INTERVIEWED: 79

	Age Group			
	under 20	20-30	30-40	over 40
Fellation (unreciprocated)	—	1	3	5
'Soixante-neuf'	—	6	5	3
Masturbation	4	4	1	—

Masturbation (mutual)	4	4	3	2
Anal Penetration	3	3	3	4
Analingus ("rimming")	–	4	5	5
Inter-femoral	2	–	–	–
Paedophilia	–	1	2	4
Uro- Coprolagnia	–	1	3	3
Sadomasochism	–	2	4	5
Group (multi-sex)	2	3	6	7

On the social side of Fire Island's homosexuals, vis-à-vis integration with the heterosexual community, there has been a markedly encouraging softening of the edges in the last few years due to the efforts of the more responsible members of both groups. Many 'straight' people are to be seen in gay bars and restaurants, police entrapment is a thing of the past and the commendable efforts of Cherry Grove homeowners in raising thousands of dollars for the Little Flower Orphanage has now received official recognition from the civic authorities of Suffolk County.

It is timely that all of the businesses in the Grove, most of the homeowners in the CGAP organization and County businessmen and police recognize the legitimacy and desirability of a financially healthy homosexual resort community, as they would recognize the desirability of any other financially stable minority community. And perhaps, in a more general sense, an indication of the growing acceptance of homosexuality as a whole.



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* * *

APPENDIX 1. Phone-a-Boy Sex

APPENDIX 2. Cherry Grove and other gay meeting places

4.5 4

"... The Commission believes that accurate, appropriate sex information provided openly and directly through legitimate channels and from reliable sources in healthy contexts can compete successfully with potentially distorted, warped, inaccurate, and unreliable information from clandestine, illegitimate sources; and it believes that the attitudes and orientations toward sex produced by the open communication of appropriate sex information from reliable sources through legitimate channels will be normal and healthy, providing a solid foundation for the basic institutions of our society."

—The Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography 1970.